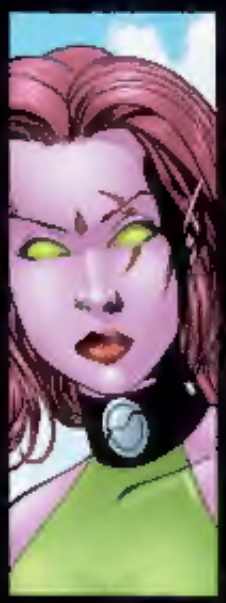
MARVEL
PG 18

EXILES™

SO LAME
PART 1

They have become unhinged from time.

They are heroes from different realities whose own timelines have become compromised. The lives that they once knew have been altered.



CLARICE FERGUSON, AKA BLINK.
The team leader, a survivor of a twisted reality dubbed the Age of Apocalypse. She is the acrobatic teleporter.

TJ WAGNER, AKA NOCTURNE.
The daughter of Nightcrawler and Scarlet Witch, she is able to fire Hex Bolts and also "possess" people for short periods of time.

DR. HEATHER HUDSON, AKA SASQUATCH.
Field leader, chief medical officer and monstrous brute of the Canadian super team, Alpha Flight.

CALVIN RANKIN, AKA MIMIC.
He is nearly his own reality's Captain America, possessing the powers of five different mutants.

MARIKO YASHIDA, AKA SUNFIRE.
Japanese born émigré and mutant wielder of Flame.

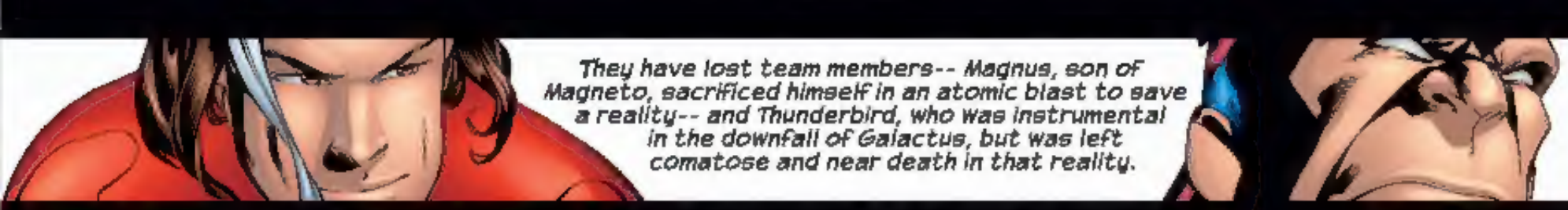
And of course, there's the shape-shifting **MORPH.**

To return to their worlds and to be restored to their former selves they must repair the broken links in the chain of time.

They will travel together from one alternate universe to another, each time completing a mission to set right what has gone wrong.

The have battled Dark Phoenix, captured the Hulk, and defeated Galactus.

They have lost team members-- Magnus, son of Magneto, sacrificed himself in an atomic blast to save a reality-- and Thunderbird, who was instrumental in the downfall of Galactus, but was left comatose and near death in that reality.



They have found love, experienced danger and formed friendships.

Their lives are unpredictable.

No one can say where their next mission will take them.

They are the **EXILES** and this is their fate.

Fan out!

Don't let them box us in!

They can't fly! Get to the air if you can!

Stay out of the way of those hex blasts!

It's no use! It's too late!

The enchantment has begun. The world will kneel before me! All will serve Callisto--Mistress of Mysticism!

Oh shut up!

Bad enough we have to put [illegible] our [illegible]een [illegible]oc

--but all the self-important, gonna rule the world, make the joint a living hell, close all the malls, send the planet to bed without supper, grandstanding-- is making me puke!

Not to mention all these damned rabid, horse-faced, crackhead elf things you keep conjuring!

What's the deal, lady? You got some Snow White fetish or what?

Hang on, Mimic! I'll have you out in a sec'!

No sweat, Blink.

I've got all day.

KA-CAAAM!

You're *all* too late! The *Great Ascension* is at hand!

Now-- *Storm*-- unbind the *Gem Stone of Marradan!*

So sorry, hon. But I'm afraid this just *ain't* gonna work out.

Storm! What in *Hell's Fires* are you *ta*--

Squachie! Hot potato!

Thank you, "*Storm*"! It is *much* appreciated.

COOOM!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOO...

Mariko? Can you hear me? It's *over*. Callisto is gone. Can you hear me, kiddo?

I can hear. Gimme a minute...the spell is lifting...I should be myself in a minute.

Speaking of being "myself"...

...man, am I glad that didn't take too long. Another *hour* possessing Storm's body and I'd be laid up for a day.

Besides, she dresses like a *tart.*

Heads up, folks. No time for a breather. We're hopping to our next reality.

Not a *minute* too soon.

Oh, I don't know, Mimic. This wasn't *so* bad. Once you got past the fact that *everybody* and their *grandmother* was into *magic*-- I thought *Iceman* was--

--particularly embarrassing. Did you see those stupid horns on his head? He actually makes those horns. It's so affected. So pretentious.
I was--

BLEEEEEENK!

BROOOOOCCCH

Hey! What the hell is happening!?

I don't know, TJ! Something's wrong with the Tallus!

Ya think so, oh fearless leader?! Maybe we ought to hit a reboot button! Hit the control and option buttons and then--

SKREEEEEEEE!

BROOONK

OW!

Son of a--!

Everyone okay?
What *happened?* That was *new.* Our teleportations never go like that.
You can say that again. That was a car wreck.
Blink, what does the *Tallus* say?
It doesn't say *anything,* Sasquatch.
No word yet? *Great.*
It gives us a trip *worse* than riding horseback on a trampoline and won't *even* tell us the skinny on this world.
No, Morph... you don't understand... I mean...
...it's not *working.*
How can you tell?
I just *can.* I can *hear* it. I can *feel* it. Ever since the *Time-broker* gave me this thing... I've sort of been *bound* to it...
...now... I *mean* it. It's not working.
Something's *wrong.*
Oh no, my darling Ex-patriot, mutie, hot tomatoes. Something is very, very, *very, VERY RIGHT!*
Oh, sweet mother of crap.
Oh no... *oh NO!*
This is *SO LAME!*

STAN LEE PRESENTS

SO★LAME

The EXILES in MOJOVERSE

★PART ONE★

Hello, babies!!! Welcome to the show!!!

I could *not* be any *happier* to see all of you again! *Even* if I was the supreme head monkey and *god-like* ruler of an *entire* planet and had *every* living creature at my beck and call!

Great *gosh-a-rama*, boychicks-- I *AM* Head Monkey! The *headiest* monkey *around!*

Well e#$%-- Mojo is even *happier* now!

You kids *hungry? Who* wants deli? We got *deli.*

*He is **Mojo**. Slave dealer. Dictator. Madman. Sadist. Movie producer. All-around monster.*

*This is **his** reality and he **owns** it. Lock, stock, and barrel.*

SCRIBE JUDD WINICK ★ PENCILS MIKE MCKONE ★ INKS JON HOLDREDGE
COLORS TRANSPARENCY DIGITAL ★ LETTERS PAUL TUTRONE ★ ASSISTANT EDITOR NOVA REN SUMA
EDITOR MIKE RAICHT ★ MOJO MIKE MARTS ★ CHIEF JOE QUESADA ★ PRESIDENT BILL JEMAS

This is Mojoverse.

A dimension where the dominant life forms are sentient semi-humanoid beings lacking spines, creatively self-christened-- the Spineless Ones.

As a culture, they possess almost no attention span and are addicted to motion pictures and television.

Mojo has long ruled the entire planet. Both by feeding their bottomless pits of unimaginative thought as well as creating slaves to serve them.

The conception and sale of artificially engineered humanoid slaves was one of his more successful endeavors.

That was until one of them gained consciousness.

His name was Longshot.

At first he was a star in Mojo's productions--

--but later he became the leader of a massive slave revolt.

The two have battled in both this and other dimensions.

It has been years since Longshot was last seen. And years since anyone has defied Mojo.

Which brings us to today...

I don't believe this. An *alternate reality* Mojo

Au contraire, my *sexy* little blue ball of steaming estrogen.

There *are* no *alternate* reality me's. Just *one* me. *Only* me. Just my *unique*, brilliant, *gorgeous*, hunk-of-*saffron* pulchritude

And for that matter-- probably for the *first* time in your time together--

--that you have all been to the *same* restaurant N'est-ce pas?

All the times that you very fine, beautiful folks have visited my world or starred in my motion pictures... well, you starred for *me*.

Mojoverse is a *junction* for all realities. *All* roads lead to Mojo

Welcome baaaAAAAaack!!!

As usual I'm the *only* one who appears to be *lost*, but I think I can be filled in elsewhere!

EVAC!

Oh yeah, *right.* The *teleporting* chick. You m ght find that a little difficu t.

And when I say a little *difficult,* I mean *completely impossible!*

Nobody teleports around this burg unless *I'm* doing the teleporting!

I contro! the *horizontal.* I control the *vertical* The air and the airwaves are m ne and mine *alone*-- you saucy little *Age of A crap o lips* cockroach!

Fun's over. I brought you here and now t's time to go to work. *Spiral,* if you would do the *honors...*

SPOOOIRRCH!

KeeEE--

Morph!

As far as the rest, I wou dn't make any *sudden* moves. Or even *slow* ones.

We've got you surrounded!

I just love spout ng ol' chestnuts like that.

"We've got you surrounded"

"Take me, but leave the girl alone!"

"I'll rip off your head and spit down your neck."

Clichés, yes, but they still work, y'know?

We'l have to come back for them.

Team!

Shake and Bake!

It e a maneuver they first developed when aiding Doctor Doom in reclaiming his country from Atlantis.

BA-DOOOM!

The first half of the maneuver-- the Shake -- was initially executed by Sasquatch alone... but combined with the might of Mimic it has a much greater effect

Sasquatch likes to call it a Hulk Quake.

GO-OO-OO-OO-MM!!

The Bake is handled by Sunfire.

How are we going to get Sunfire out if B ink can't 'port?

Keep your head down!

I'll get her.

KA-OOOAAA

Still so *weak* from the sorcery planet I don't know if I can-- can pull this off

Spirall You sp der-limbed cow-- *teleport* after them!

You've *jammed* all teleportation within a mile of your bloated corpulence, "Sire".

You were worried about the pink elf-girl

We need to fall back now before we're *all* fried. You've *got* what you want!

C'mon, Mariko-- just... stay... *conscious*... a minute... longer... the army will fall back... please... *please*-- let them fall back...

Yes! Go, you inbred, genetically altered jarheads. *Run!*

That's... that's all I... all I got...

I got you, Mariko! Stay *flamed up*. I've got to fly us almost at *sonic speed* to get us out of here. The *wind resistance* could kill you.

But-- but you'll *burn!*

I'll heal

Mojo City

You ever hear of *Slim Fast?* Not for nothing, but a shake in the morning, another in the afternoon and a sensible meal at night would *not* kill you.

But it might not make a *dent*. Have you thought of *jogging*? Can you jog on those *spindly* little things?

Am I being too *subtle*? Brother, *YOU ARE FAT.*

Guinness Book fat.

You *so* b g, bro', you wake up in *sections*

I bet your *blood type* is *Ragu*.

I bet every time you wear high heels, you strike oil. Then again, you don't have feet.

But I'd bet a *million* bucks that you've got a foot fet sh. Like guys with women s breasts. We don t have 'em, so we *envy* and *admire* them.

But you sure have got some *man-boobs*. Have you tried *push-ups*?

Is *any* of this getting through, *chubbs*?

Those ears of youre *work*, right? If not, I'm sure all that *circuitry* and crap *sprouting* out the back of your head can pick up a *few* things.

Cable. Ham Rad o. Pay per View *Foxy Boxing*.

I could use some *music* Maybe someone cou d stick a *CD* up your--

SHREEEE

The people have *spoken*, and *most* importantly-- I have spoken. *We want you back on the air!*

So, *please*... come back... give us a show like the old one you used to do.

Forget it, Iardo. Get another trained monkey.

I don't *want* another trained monkey. I want *you*.

No sale. Go die.

Oh, then I guess we will have to keep *torturing* Nocturne

What?

Oh yeah. *Right.* My mind isn't what it used to be. Being a supreme leader takes up so much time-- work, work, work, work-- my head's *always* someplace else.

We should probably have *threatened* to torture her *first*, y know... make with the *emotional blackmail*, and *then* demand you get back in the saddle

But, the boys were *so* eager to get started.

Oh God.

What have you done to her?

Lots of stuff. These guys are *good.*

Wanna *see? Boys,* do that *acid claw* thing again!

NO! STOP!

Just stop.

Why? Why stop? Is it getting *late?* Is it too *early?*

I don't know. Tell me, *Morph,* my comedic genius-- what *time* is it?

It's Showtime.

Slave Town Junction. All-around ghetto and slum for the Mojoverse's artificially-created humanoids.

Where the *hell* is the *Timebroker*? Or *somebody*? We've been yanked out of the reality jumping timestream. Shouldn't a bell go off somewhere? I thought there were rules.

I agree. But we should stay *focused*.

We need to get Morph and TJ back. After that, we can concentrate on getting our butts out of here.

I'd like to know why Mojo *brought* us here.

He doesn't *need* a reason. He's *insane*.

We need to find *Longshot*.

He's the *only* one who's ever been able to stop Mojo. I've had three run-ins with Mojo and in the end-- *every time*-- it was Longshot who beat him.

And we don't have a lot of time. God only knows what he's doing with Nocturne and Morph.

Hold on--

HEY!

Listen-- we're from *Earth*. We're *X-Men*. You've heard of us, right?

Yes. *Everyone* has heard of the X-Men. We have seen the Mojo movies you've starred in.

Calvin, take it easy.

I'm not going to hurt him, Blink.

We're the X-Men. We need to find *Longshot*. Do you have *any* idea where he may be?

Or *anyone* who may have some way of contacting him?

You are *kidding*, right?

No, *why* would I be kidding?

Wow. *Scully and Mulder* we ain't.

LONGSHOT'S JAILHOUSE

Come on. Let's get him out.

Wait! Do you *hear* that? It sounds like...

...over here...

What is it?

Oh my.

Look.

So, I ask him, "Hey, bubba, how do you ask somebody who's deaf if they want to buy a turkey?"

He asks me "How?"

"YOU WANNA BUY A TURKEY!?"

Man, we better rescue him quick.

Yeah. If this goes on too long he'll *never* want to leave.

TO BE CONTINUED...